Take Me To The Edge

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Yoongi and Seokjin are not together!, BDSM, Dom Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster, Dom Kim Seokjin | Jin, Sub Min Yoongi | Suga, Dom/sub, Wet Dream, Dry Humping, Sleepy Sex, can I tag it as sex?, i hope so, thigh fucking, Bondage, Light Angst, I can never tell whether it's angsty or not, Yoongi is insecure, Namjoon reassures him like a good boyfriend, Riding, using your sub as furniture, at least it's mentioned, and it's revealed what went wrong that one time, Subspace, suspension bondage if you squint, bdsm furniture, Ankle Cuffs, hitachi wand, or magic wand, Sex Toys, Toys, Dildos, Fucking Machines, didn't think I'd ever use this tag but here we go~, Overstimulation, Verbal Humiliation, Come Swallowing, Edging, Come referred to as milk, Don't Ask, geez so many tags, the first half is only SugaMon, SugaMon are actually together, they just decide to play with Jin, Yoongi is the youngest, everything that happens in consensual and has been talked about

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by DancingSkys

Summary

After some, slightly longing gazes Namjoon finally decides it's time to sit down with Yoongi and ask him about Seokjin.
He wasn't blind, he had seen the other stare at the older. Especially on Halloween.
Naturally they sit down and talk about it. There are some issues that need to be sorted out but in the end they come to the conclusion that Yoongi wants to play with Seokjin.

So that is what they do.

Notes

'Be Mine, Baby' is marked as complete!
Please check this post to know what happened to the remaining requests and why I chose to end it.
I've tried to include as many other requests in this as I could.

This has taken me forever and I wanted to slam my head into a wall several times. I'll correct this tomorrow because I really just wanted to upload this. You might have already seen the update yesterday but that was a mishap on my side. Sorry again, this time it's the real update.
I hope you still like it though.
Again, everything is consensual and everyone is safe :)

Message me on my Tumblr if you have any thoughts you want to share with me or questions about the series or whatever. My inbox is always open for you guys~
DancingSkys

It felt so good, Yoongi couldn’t resist whining softly, biting his lower lip and shuddering. Big hands were squeezing his hips, fingers digging into his skin and it made him roll his hips more, loving the strong touch that seemed to guide him.

Soft pants fell from his mouth, tongue lolling out and eyes almost crossing.

Yes, yes, right there.

He thrusted his hips back, grunting in effort and arching his back.

Those strong hands pulled him back, his ass slamming against heated skin and a needy moan escaped him together with some drool. His knees slid apart just a bit more, face smushed against the sheets and toes curling.

It just felt so, so good.

Usually Namjoon was a pretty deep sleeper and sometimes Yoongi complained about it, nagging at him for his loud snoring but even when he’d hit the elder’s arm and hiss at him to please stop the older would answer out of habit but he'd remain asleep. He’d babble some apologies, saying he hadn’t heard anything, roll on his side and start snoring again maybe two minutes later.

Sometimes Yoongi migrated to the couch and glared daggers at the older the next morning. He had gotten better at blocking out the tank next to him and he knew it was especially bad when Namjoon was stressed but it was still annoying the older could sleep peacefully while he wanted to slam his head into a wall.

There were a few instances where Namjoon woke up pretty quickly though. One of them would be when Yoongi had a nightmare because he’d toss and turn and whimper in his sleep. It didn’t happen often but from time to time he was roused in the middle of the night because his lover had almost rolled over him or had kicked him. It didn’t take long for the older to be completely awake and try to calm the younger down. In his sleep at first but when that didn’t work he’d wake him up

and they would cuddle until the night terrors would be replaced by warm, fluffy feelings.

So, knowing this is was no surprise that Namjoon woke up when Yoongi was squirming next to him, whimpering almost directly into his ear. He blinked his eyes open, immediately wanting to comfort his boyfriend, thinking he was suffering from another nightmare when his sleep brain finally registered another, more unusual movement and his thoughts halted for a moment, needing a little to process what was actually going on.

Yoongi was humping him, having wrapped his legs around one of Namjoon thighs and grinding down on it, rolling his hips in a slow but steady pace. The lawyer was floored for a moment, staring down at Yoongi's face that was right next to his shoulder, watching his his eyebrows furrowed ever so slightly, his lips pouty and parted for soft pants to pass through, accompanied by soft whimpers and whines, his hands twitching ever so slightly, curling and uncurling into loose fists.

Another whimper passed his lips, a shuddering going through his body and his legs tightened around Namjoon's thigh, pressing his erection against it.

The elder's eyes widened a little as he realized his boyfriend was having a wet dream, not a nightmare, and suddenly felt a little hot under the blanket, swallowing thickly because damn, this was hot.

Unconsciously he hitched up his legs a little higher, pressing more against Yoongi's crotch and the smaller whimpered in return, tightening his legs momentarily again and rubbing himself against his lover.

"Fuck," Namjoon whispered almost inaudibly and carefully sneaked his arms around the younger, pulling him into his chest. Yoongi didn't stop, just squirmed a little and released a shaky breath.

The older ducked his head and nuzzled his nose into the other's neck just underneath his ear, kissing the soft skin and licking a few times. Yoongi grabbed his shirt and leaned closer, arching his back a little as his hips stuttered for a moment before picking up again.

This continued for a while until Yoongi shifted and lifted his head a little, bleary eyes barely open and cheeks a little flushed. "J-joonie?" he rasped softly and Namjoon had to smile, kissing the younger's forehead. "Hey, muffin." Yoongi seemed a little confused, just puffing out his cheeks and staring up at his lover sleepily which made the

older chuckle. “Go on,” he said and Yoongi blinked slowly. “Hm?”

The corner of the lawyer’s lips tugged his into a smirk and he pressed his leg against his lover’s crotch, the younger’s eyes widening a little and he squirmed but couldn’t suppress a faint moan. “W-what?” he asked confused, words still slurred.

“My little marshmallow had a wet dream,” Namjoon whispered darkly, his smirk still present, watching how Yoongi’s eyes widened and switched around almost nervously. “W-wha… n-nmm…”

He obviously didn’t know what to say, his mind still not working fully just yet so Namjoon decided to take the lead and pulled his leg back, ignoring Yoongi’s needy whine. Instead he reached down and grabbed the younger’s hard length through his shorts, getting a choked moan in return. “You were whining and humping my leg, honey,” the lawyer whispered into the student’s ear, slipping his hand into his shorts and wrapping his hand around Yoongi erection which made the younger kick his legs and arch his back as he squeezed, soft pants escaping him.

“I-I…” Yoongi stuttered… unable to say anything because of the big, warm hand wrapped around his length.

“How can you be this cute even when you have a wet dream?” Namjoon asked, squeezing again and Yoongi whined a bit louder than before, legs twitching. “You should take responsibility, don’t you think?” he asked teasingly, Yoongi looking up at him sleepily and fuck why was he so adorable?!

“You were trying to fuck my thigh so I’m gonna fuck yours, how does that sound, hm?”

Yoongi looked like he was trying to hold off a moan, glassy eyes soon hidden behind fluttering eyelids. He dropped his head and nuzzled into his lover’s chest, rubbing his cheek against him which was all the confirmation Namjoon needed. He helped the younger roll over and tugged off his shorts with the help of his feet, too lazy to move any more than that.

The student whined as the hand around his length disappeared, shifting slightly once his bottom half was bare, cuddling into the blankets and sighing softly. He could feel Namjoon shifting behind him and welcomed his warmth pressing against his back. He hadn’t been able to see the older reaching over the edge of the bed to pick up something from the floor.

“I’m gonna tie your legs together, hm?” Namjoon asked softly and Yoongu hummed, pressing his back against the elder’s chest who smiled in return. He reached under the blankets and soon found his lover’s soft thighs, wrapping the belt he had picked up around them a little above his knees, making sure they weren’t right next to each other or it would hurt and not be as tight.

He pulled the belt tight but making sure it wasn’t too tight and fasted it, Yoongi shifting a little to test the waters but settling down again a second later. Namjoon’s chest filled with warmth again, feeling incredibly happy that Yoongi trusted him so much. He was still half asleep but he knew Namjoon would never do anything bad, he’d never hurt him so he didn’t mind. He enjoyed it and the lawyer couldn’t resist kissing his boyfriend’s neck. “I love you,” he whispered and Yoongi smiled a little. “Luv u too,” he whispered back, words still slurred because he didn’t bother waking up fully and Namjoon had no problem with that.

After kissing his lover’s nape one more time he reached over to the bedside table for the lube. It wasn’t necessary but it would make the slide a little easier and prevent chafing. They would need to wash the sheets anyway he so wasn’t really careful, just dribbled some over his length and shuffled back to Yoongi, reaching under the blanket and feeling over his thighs, humming approvingly as he pushed a his hand between them which made the younger shift a little.

“Come here,” he murmured, pulling the student, who was piliant in his arms, closer and guiding his length between his thighs, groaning faintly at the pressure and soft feeling of the younger’s skin around his cock. He moved his hips slowly, moving back and forth and Yoongi whined a little at being neglected so Namjoon reached over and started stroking the younger’s length again.

Yoongi made a little approving noise, eyes barely open. He felt like he was swimming, so warm and so sleepy, somewhere between being asleep and being awake and it just all felt so good. He couldn’t keep the faint sounds in, cuddling back into Namjoon’s chest and trying to squeeze his thighs together for him but his body wasn’t really responding to his brain, feeling too sleepy and floaty to send the right instructions so he just let the other so all the work. He leaned his head back, wanting to be as close to his lover as somehow possible and he heard Namjoon chuckle softly but didn’t have it in him to care.

The older pushed his boyfriends shirt up with his free hand, mouthing at his neck again while he felt all over his body, skin heated because it

was so warm under the blanket. Yoongi sighed softly as he rubbed over his belly before going up and feeling over his chest, finding one of his nipples and rolling it between his fingers.

A gasp escaped the student and his eyes fluttered closed, head still thrown back. He could feel himself throbbing in Namjoon's hand, bucking his hips slightly which made the older groan as well.

Yoongi whined as the older rubbed over his slit repeatedly, pushing the very tip of his nail inside which made the younger whine loudly and his body shudder all over.

"Come, my little muffin. I wanna see you come all sleepy and cute," Namjoon murmured huskily, his own cock meanwhile hard and aching. Yoongi thighs were so soft, especially with the lube as aid and they felt heavenly, squeezing his length between them.

The student pulled up his shoulders and wanted to curl into himself but the older held him down, watching how his lover came with a cute little moan, whimpering as his hips bucked and his come squirted all over Namjoon's hand that was still rubbing and squeezing him to help him through his orgasm.

He only stopped when Yoongi whined from oversensitivity and he felt himself coming as well, his come staining the inside of his lover's thighs and spreading it all over the soft skin.

Yoongi sniffled and tried to twist his back, Namjoon getting what he was trying to do and helping him by tilting his chin sideways so they could kiss sweetly, only stopping because their necks hurt after a while.

The younger flopped back down and huffed a little, snuggling back into the blanket which made the elder's cock slip out from between his thighs which he only commented with a cute nose scrunch.

Namjoon removed the belt and massaged his lover's thighs a bit before he grabbed some tissues and wiped the come away. It wasn't the best cleaning act but he was tired, okay? It was the middle of the night. He didn't bother putting the younger's shorts back on, only pulling his own back up because he hadn't taken them off in the first place, before wrapping his arms around Yoongi again and settling for the rest of the night after kissing the other's neck one last time.

The next morning Yoongi looked a little drowsy and confused, realizing he wasn't wearing his shorts so he turned his head to look at

Namjoon but the older was still asleep. He huffed and figured his steamy dream hadn't only been a dream and shook his head. Only Namjoon could would wake up in the middle of the night and come up with stuff like that.

The student sighed before getting up and taking a shower, washing the sticky remains from his thighs as well.

"Baby, what do you think about Jin?"

Yoongi spluttered slightly, his hips slowing down until they came to a halt. He looked down at his dom who was lying on his back and resting against some pillows, the younger seated on his lap and riding him with slow rolls of his hips… well… had been, rather.

"W-why would you ask that, sir?" he asked uncertainly, suddenly all thoughts about chasing an orgasm gone from his mind.

Namjoon just smiled, never losing his authoritative aura and reached up to cup one of his sub's cheeks, stroking over the soft skin with his thumb and loving how the younger leaned into the touch almost like a cat seeking attention. "Don't ask questions when I asked you something, baby," he said sternly but was still stroking his sub's cheekbone affectionately.

Yoongi hummed softly, closing his eyes and leaning more against the elder's warm hand. "I like him," he said softly. "He's a really good friend." He opened his eyes again slowly and looked down at his dom curiously, crooking his head and wondering if that was the answer he had wanted. The older seemed to be thinking about his response for some moments, one of his hands still squeezing his sub's hips.

After a while of waiting Namjoon looked up again and pulled his hand back, the younger already missing his warmth but had no time to whine because his dom bucked his hips up and made him choke on a surprised moan. "Come on, baby, I didn't tell you you could stop."

"Y-yes, sir."

"Really now, where did Jinnie suddenly come from?" Yoongi asked later that evening when they were eating their dinner, Namjoon slurping some noodles into his mouth and swallowing them before

answering. “I’ve been thinking about how you’d look with him for some time,” he admitted honestly and Yoongi glanced up at the older before picking some noodles up with his chopsticks, the lawyer just watching and waiting but he didn’t really get a response out of the younger.

“You don’t like that idea?” he asked, watching how Yoongi stirred his around in his bowl. “What idea?” he asked quietly and Namjoon was silent for a while. He knew that both of them were aware what exactly they were talking about but he didn’t know why Yoongi avoided the topic, sidestepping unlike usual where he was fine talking about pretty much everything.

Namjoon chose to go with it rather than trying to get the other to spill the beans. “Playing with Seokjin,” he clarified and once again Yoongi didn’t really react, just continuing to stir his bowl silently, the older crooking his head in hopes of getting some sort of answer but all he got was a faint sigh. “I thought you would,” he said without judgement in his voice. “I know you like him and I know you’re curious.”

That did a get him a reaction because Yoongi stopped his mindless stirring, simply freezing and not really moving for quite a while which now had Namjoon sighing.

“Hey,” he leaned in closer, Yoongi’s eyes flickering up to his uncertainly before lowering again but at least he knew he had his attention. “That’s fine, I don’t mind.”

The younger just turned his head away and lawyer felt a little bit at loss. “Really, it’s okay,” he tried to reassure but the student shook his head. “No, it’s not,” he said quietly and Namjoon decided to keep silent and just look at his lover, waiting for him to speak up which he did after some moments of brooding. “It’s not fine,” Yoongi muttered, chipping at the table absentmindedly. “I shouldn’t be having wet dreams about another man when I’m in a relationship.”

Namjoon looked at him intently. “Wanting to have sex or play with someone doesn’t mean you love them,” he then said and Yoongi’s shoulders sagged a little bit. “Or do you want more than that?” he asked softly, feeling the slightest bit of tension in his chest but it vanished again once Yoongi shook his head. “No, I don’t want a relationship with Seokjin if it’s that what you’re asking.”

“Then where is the problem?” The lawyer asked gently. “I’m not

trying to talk you into it but… you were fine when we did it with Hoseok and Jimin, weren't you?"

"That was different," Yoongi mumbled and Namjoon furrowed his eyebrows. "How come?"

The younger was still not looking at him but at least he was talking. "It was different because there were four people and two each are a couple."

Some moments passed while the lawyer took in the new information. "So it's a problem because Seokjin doesn't have a set partner?" He really wanted to know the reason for his lover's discomfort and maybe try to help him if he could. "Do you think you'd be more prone to getting attached that way?"

"I… no," Yoongi said a little frustrated, tapping his fingertips against the table in an uneven rhythm. "It's not because it's Seokjin in particular, I just…"

"Because there would be two doms and no other sub?" Namjoon asked, his voice still as gentle as before. He didn't want to corner the younger, he didn't want to make him feel like what he was worried about wasn't important. It was important to him and he wanted to help to make it easier, to get rid of whatever was bothering him but he had a feeling Yoongi didn't quite know how to word it himself.

"No…" he mumbled. "Well, maybe because we've never tried that but that's fine, I wouldn't mind that. It's just… I'd feel… bad…"

"Why, honey?"

Yoongi bit his lower lip, twirling his chopstick around in his bowl. "Because I… I'd play with someone else and you… you wouldn't."

It was silent for a moment.

"And I feel bad because I want to play with Jin but… b-but I don't want you to play with another sub and that… that's selfish, I'm selfish," he whispered ever so quietly, lowering his head and bringing both of his hands into his lap.

Namjoon needed a moment to process what the younger had just said but when he did his eyebrows furrowed slightly. "Honey, you're not selfish," he said softly but got a quiet 'I am' in return so he sighed and massaged his forehead a little. "I… don't really understand why this is

different form the last time and why you suddenly worry about this but-"

"Because it is different," Yoongi said a little louder. "Last time there were four people, two doms and two subs. It was fine, there wasn't anything about switching around, but now there would be three and just… just one sub and it wouldn't be fair. If… if I get to play with another dom you should get to play with another sub b-but I don't want you to a-and that's why I shouldn't do anything with Jin," Yoongi said, his voice growing a little bit weaker towards the end.

The lawyer took a deep breath, looking at his lover for a long moment before he opened his mouth again. "Okay, first of all we both get to decide whether or not we want one of us to play with someone else and I don't think it works when you say just because you play with another dom I should play with another sub which I don't even want to, by the way."

Yoongi opened his mouth for a retort but closed it again soon after without saying anything at all.

"Second of all you are not selfish for saying you don't want another sub in the picture. That's fine, I understand that. As a sub I can imagine that I wouldn't be a fan of that either but that doesn't mean that you can't play with other doms when we are both fine with it." Namjoon tilted his head a little in an attempt to look into Yoongi's eyes. "Just because there is another person doesn't mean it has to be anymore special or meaningful than any other scene. It's the same but instead of a toy there is a person."

That did tickle a little smile of of the younger. "I'm sure Seokjin would love to be described as a replacement for a sex toy," he mumbled which in return also made Namjoon smile. "It's kinda true though." He looked at Yoongi for a while. "And you really don't have to feel bad about thinking about someone else. You've seen Jin in some pretty interesting situations, it's normal to think about that. Honestly, for me it's the same as you drooling over that one vibrator. I still know I'm the one you want to be in a relationship with and I know you talk to me."

Yoongi looked down and was silent for a few moments. "So you… don't want to play with another sub?" he asked quietly and Namjoon smiled softly. "No, I don't. Is that what this is about? Are you scared that because you play with someone else I want to do the same?"

The younger looked to the side but nodded his head in confirmation.

The lawyer released a breath a shook his head. “I’ve told you I don’t want to play with another sub, haven’t I?” he asked softly and Yoongi nodded his head meekly. “Then what are you worried about it?”

“Just… feels like that would be fair and that’s… what you might want,” Yoongi said quietly.

“Do I get jealous when a toy makes you cum instead of my dick?”

Yoongi froze, mulling the words over and then looking up at the older with a frown. “Uum… no?” he said slowly, raising one eyebrow and not really knowing what this had to do with the situation at hand.

“Do I want to make someone else cum as some sort of revenge afterwards?”

Yoongi frowned even more. “No…”

Namjoon smiled happily. “Then you know how I feel about you being with Jin.”

The younger looked at him strangely which made him laugh. “It’s true, I don’t mind. I mean, I would mind if you started chasing after everyone else and picked up dudes left and right but you don’t. I know you want to be mine and that’s all I need.”

The younger was honestly rendered speechless, just staring at the lawyer a little wide-eyed. Namjoon just smiled at him sweetly until the younger looked away again. “You sure?” he asked quietly one last time and the older hummed. “150% sure, you don’t have to worry about it. I guess I get where you’re coming from but really, you’re my only sub. I don’t want to play with anyone else.”

Yoongi smiled softly and nodded his head.

“What I would like to see though is you playing with Jin,” he added with a grin and the younger huffed, shaking his head but still smiling.

“Can’t say I haven’t been thinking about it,” he added quietly and Namjoon’s grin widened in response. “Oh I’m sure he has been thinking about it as well.”

“You’re not mad that you weren’t in my dream?” Yoongi asked quietly

later that evening and Namjoon looked down at him. “Well, it did hurt my pride a little,” he admitted with a small grin. “But you were pretty darn cute when you were humping my leg so I forgive you,” he teased and kissed the spot under his lover’s ear who whined in return.

“Think you can do something with him?” Namjoon asked, sitting on the couch with his sub at his feet, the younger kneeling and looking down at the floor while on of his dom’s hand went through his hair.

“Oh I can do lots with him,” Seokjin’s smooth voice was carried through the air and Yoongi ducked his head a little, inching more towards his dom and leaning against his legs.

“Mhm… I’m sure he’d like that, wouldn’t you, baby?” Namjoon asked and pulled on the younger’s hair so he had to look up at him. Yoongi fumbled with his words, wanting to agree but it didn’t seem to want to come out right. He looked at his dom helplessly, not knowing what to do and the lawyer hummed softly. “Look who’s all nervous, hm?”

Yoongi tried to swallow but a small whined slipped from his mouth, trying to shift because his neck was hurting.

“Lie down on your side, baby, and turn towards at Jin,” the older instructed and Yoongi complied easily, lying down on his side as told and his eyes flickered up to Seokjin who looked as handsome and composed as always, smiling down at him. Weight pressed down on the student’s side and he realized his dom had propped up his feet on him, relaxing again and settling back down, just lying on the floor and listening to the conversation.

It was nice.

To just follow orders and not have to think about anything. It was calming, knowing that his dom was there and knew exactly what was going on, had complete control over him and made sure Yoongi knew that he didn’t have a say in what was going on. He was just their little plaything and that was fine, he was fine with that.

He liked it.

Rationally Yoongi of course knew he’d just have to say the word and

he'd have two guys fussing over him, cuddling him up in blankets and whispering encouraging words into his ear. He knew he had agreed to everything had was going on but he liked to blend that out when he was in his sub role. It was nice that way, to just… have someone else tell him what was going to happen (or not) and he'd have to accept that.

But of course he was also nervous. Having two doms around was an entirely new experience for him. Until now no other dom had ever touched him, there had only always been Namjoon and he trusted Namjoon with his life.

He didn't know about other doms he didn't have that kind of bond with and it felt like that was what he needed to let them do whatever they wanted with him. It was a big step for him, Namjoon also knew this which is why he liked to take things slow, making sure Yoongi felt as small as possible because then he'd be more willing to give in. When he was feeling particularly submissive a small nuge would be enough, he didn't need rough handling or harsh demands to bend to someone's will.

When he was calm, relaxed and submissive he was the easiest to work with.

A nervous sub was anxious and prone to resisting, to shying away instead of giving in even when it wasn't necessary. It was like an anxious animal that would be more prone to run away at the smallest sound. An animal that feels save and trusts its partner is willing to stay and overcome those obstacles.

So Namjoon and Seokjin spent twenty minutes just talking, Yoongi lying on the floor almost motionlessly, not caring that the carpet wasn't the most comfortable surface or that his dom used his as a foot pillow. He actually kind of liked it. He always wanted to be useful and please his dom and when he had to function as furniture for that then so be it.

Though… Namjoon sitting down on his back wasn't a good idea.

Yoongi really wasn't a fragile little thing that fell over at the smallest gust of wind but… Namjoon was quite a bit taller than him, broader too and therefore obviously heavier and while the younger would manage for a while…

They had done it one time and after a while Yoongi's arms had just given out, thankfully not smashing his face into the ground because

Namjoon, although he hadn't expected it, had yelped but also quickly rolled off, making sure not to put even more weight onto his sub.

It had ended with lots of crying on Yoongi's side, feeling utterly horrible and cowering at his dom's feet while endless streams of 'I'm sorry' fell from his mouth. Namjoon had tried everything to calm him down but nothing had really worked, his sub begging him for a punishment because it was his fault and he hadn't listened to his dom and he was to blame and it was his fault, his fault, his fault.

The lawyer had been reluctant, which was a first for him, because it was mostly his fault, in his opinion, for not making sure Yoongi would be able to support his weight for so long. In the end though he had concluded Yoongi needed a punishment. Not because he had thought he had been bad, no, but the sub wouldn't stop feeling guilty and blaming himself if he didn't receive a punishment.

He had told his sub to calm down first, helping him by running a hand through his hair and stroking his cheek, his head resting against his dom's thigh. It had taken quite a while but when Yoongi hadn't been hysteric anymore Namjoon had told him his punishment would be to scrub the floor in the kitchen on his knees. It sounded harsher than it actually was, their kitchen wasn't exactly big and there wasn't much cleaning the younger would have to do but if Namjoon had chosen something even lighter or less… physical Yoongi wouldn't have viewed it as a way to redeem himself.

Afterwards he had gotten lots of praise and kisses and Namjoon made sure to talk about it once Yoongi was out of his headspace and they both agreed that sitting on Yoongi's back to use him as a chair wasn't a good idea for longer than a few short minutes at most. It had taken a while for the younger to agree but in the end he let himself be convinced that it wasn't his fault for being unable to support the elder's weight.

Namjoon's feet pressed harder into his side and Yoongi glanced up at him, the older smiling sweetly. "On your knees, baby," he said before lifting his feet off of his sub who slowly sat up and settled on his knees as asked of him. "Be a good boy for Jin, hm?"

Yoongi swallowed. "Yes, sir."

Namjoon nodded his head, satisfied with the answer and gestured towards the younger. "He's all yours."

Seokjin smiled and stood up, approaching the youngest in the room

and stopping in front of him, almost able to hear Yoongi's racing thoughts and heartbeat. The younger was looking down at the ground, clenching and unclenching his hands before a hand settled at the back of his neck and slowly pulled his forehead against Seokjin's thigh, keeping him there and slowly stroking the hair at his nape in a calming motion.

They stayed like this for a while, Yoongi closing his eyes and relaxing until Seokjin's hand gripped his hair and pulled so he had to look up. "Up on your feet, Suga," the older purred and a shudder went through Yoongi's entire body, eyes widening a little and his body moved without him having to think about it.

This… this was completely different from Namjoon. This…

He had imagined he'd have a hard time seeing Seokjin as *his* dom for their playing but… the older's aura seemed to have switched entirely. He was still smiling sweetly, his words were gentle and sweet as well, just as usual but… it was still different.

His words demanded nothing but obedience, his gaze piercing and absolutely unwavering and Yoongi… he didn't even think about thinking about not listening. There… just… he just… listened. There was no questioning, no hesitating, he just did and it didn't cross his mind not to do so, he didn't even want to not listen.

"Good boy," the older cooed and it slammed into Yoongi like a train, his breath hitching a little and his heart leaping at the small word of praise, feeling like a dog that had just received a delicious bone and it probably showed on his face how much he enjoyed the praise because Seokjin's smug smile widened faintly and he chuckled as he noticed how the younger's eyes glazed over a little.

Namjoon had been right, Yoongi didn't need a firm hand, at least not a physical one, to get him to submit willingly and open up. The younger had often told him how willing to please his sub was and he could see that now. It was beautiful, really how Yoongi gave in so easily and Seokjin was glad he hadn't ended up with another dom.

Not everyone was suitable with everyone and had Yoongi gotten a very demanding and physical dom he might have suffered quite some damage before eventually shutting off and turning away from BDSM. No one could have blamed him for reacting that way, not all doms were able to work with subs like Yoongi after all.

He was… delicate. You needed to handle him carefully and really

think about what you were doing to get him into the right mindset. Afterwards he was open towards a lot and he wouldn't mind being thrown around, he wasn't a flower that could only be touched with gloves but to get him to the point of liking being manhandled you had to gently nudge him into position.

Namjoon has had to make this journey as well, had to figure out how his sub worked, what he liked and didn't like and how to handle him. Everyone was different after all but if there was one person who could handle someone like Yoongi it was Namjoon.

Seokjin gently pushed at Yoongi's shoulder, making him turn around and guiding him with his hand on his lower back, leaving the living room behind and entering a room at the end of the hallway in his apartment.

The room wasn't overly big but still spacious. It was like Seokjin own little BDSM dungeon with some furniture, a broad collection of toys and accessories, lots of tool and other things that could be used.

Yoongi would be lying if he said he wasn't both slightly intimidate but mostly excited. Seokjin played with a lot of subs, he was known in the community and pretty much everyone liked him. It was no surprise he had acquired quite some playstuff over the years.

"Stay," was all he said, the younger freeing and remaining still.

It wasn't long before he felt the familiar texture of rope on his skin, glancing down and seeing how it was winded across his chest. Of course the feeling was different from when Namjoon did it but Yoongi still liked it, like how it was tied snugly and trapped his arms in place behind his back. Next were his hips and upper thighs, the rope creating another harness which made the sub feel pretty good in his skin, liking how it hugged his body.

Seokjin was back behind him a moment later, working fluidly and quick, all movements coming with practised ease.

"Feeling good?" he whispered into the younger's ear, pulling him into his chest by his chest harness. The other took a shuddering breath, whispering a soft "Yes, sir." which made Seokjin hum.

Yoongi gasped and flinched forward as a slicked up finger prodded at his entrance and slowly slipped inside, biting his lower lip and letting his eyelids flutter for a moment, trying not to arch his back too much.

“Such a good boy,” Seokjin murmured onto his ear and a small whimper slipped past the sub’s lips, squirming the slightest bit but the older had him fully under control, crooking his finger in a certain way which made Yoongi’s knees knock against each other and his breath hitch. “Stay,” Seokjin said again and the younger made a small sound of apology, holding still this time even when another finger entered and another until there were finally three inside of him.

His breathing had turned heavier, a hot feeling swirling in his gut and god did it feel good. The older was a master at drawing those high-pitched, weak noises from Yoongi that even he himself hadn’t heard often.

He spluttered slightly as Seokjin suddenly pushed him forward, guiding him with his fingers inside of him and it made Yoongi’s face heat up in record time. He was directed towards a padded bench and was bent over it with a hand on his upper back, settling down and turning his head slightly so his cheek rested against the surface. He glanced back at Seokjin, barely spotting him, as he pulled his fingers out, the dom not spending him even one look as he worked.

With practised ease he had taken another bundle of black rope and tied it to Yoongi’s harness around his hips, pulling it up to a suspension ring which the younger couldn’t see since he couldn’t turn his head that far. A surprised sound escaped him as his hips were suddenly pulled up, struggling with his footing searching for the ground with his feet clumsily. It needed a few moments of adjusting before the older had found the right height so the sub could stand on his tiptoes, his hips pulled up by the rope and his back arched beautifully.

Seokjin looked at him for a moment, listening to his heavy breathing and taking in his glassy eyes before smiling and patting the student’s thigh. “Looking so pretty all tied up, hm? Ass raised for everyone to see, look at you, such a good sub.”

Yoongi whined softly, trying to squirm but he couldn’t lift his feet off the ground with struggling and staggering until he regained his footing.

The older chuckled and shook his head, bending down and grabbing on of the younger’s ankles. He guided it over to the leg of the bench and grabbed the cuff that was attached to it, fitting it around the students ankle and repeating the same process on the other side, leaving him barely room to move in a completely helpless position. He

stroked along his arched back, feeling the muscles tensing and relaxing underneath as well as his chest heaving in effort.

The older smiled smugly and glanced over at Namjoon for a short moment, chuckling ever so quietly as he saw him staring attentively, completely focused with an intense gaze.

Seokjin continued with his work and went over to his little treasure, pulling it closer and bringing it in the right position, making sure it wasn't plugged in and ready to go. He coated the dildo attached to it in a thick layer of lube before bringing it towards the sub's entrance, finding it amusing how he flinched and tried to move but he couldn't. He also couldn't turn his head properly so he was left to stay in place.

The dom guided the toy into him, watching the mesmerizing sight of it disappearing and listening to the moan that escaped Yoongi. The latter was left to breathe heavily as he adjusted to the toy inside of him. It wasn't too big, it was a nice size but it still left him a little breathless, closing his eyes so he could adjust to it properly.

It wasn't more than a few moments he got though before he heard a click and a faint whirring sound before the toy inside of him was pulled out slightly and pushed back inside in steady motions and Yoongi forgot how to breathe for a moment. Of course he knew about machines, it wasn't some kind of secret after all but he hadn't known Seokjin owned one and much less had he expected to be ever put in front of one.

He tightened around the toy and tried to shift his weight, the pace awfully slow, but he couldn't in this position and it was frustrating beyond belief, whining in a pleading manner.

"What do you want, Suga?" Seokjin cooed next to him. "Something the matter."

"F-faster," he said breathlessly and the older tsked. "Where are your manners?" he asked lowly and Yoongi dropped his head in submission. "P-please," he whimpered. "Please, please, faster, p-please," he begged. It was beyond him how he was already so desperate but he honestly didn't really care.

The older hummed and the thrusts sped up considerably, leaving Yoongi to groan and his eyes to roll up.

Yes, this was good, just like that.

The trusts pushed his hips the slightest bit forward each time but he didn't care at all. The bench was padded and even if it hadn't been he still wouldn't have cared.

The pace was amazing the toy pushing back and forth and after a small shift it hit his prostate dead on which might have been noticeable because he suddenly cried out and shuddered all over, the chains attached the ankle cuffs rattling the slightest bit. He was drooling all over the padding and his skin was sticking to it because of the sweat but he couldn't care less.

This was good, this was great.

Oh my god, yes!

The two doms watched, Seokjin with a smug look on his face because everything was going according to plan perfectly.

All he needed to do was sit back, enjoy the show and wait.

Namjoon hadn't spoken a word but the fire behind his eyes was enough to tell what he was thinking, his lustful gaze fixed onto Yoongi like a predator fixating its prey.

This went on for a while, Seokjin playing around with the speed when he felt like it and taking pleasure from the different noise he could draw out of the sub.

And of course patient people were rewarded sooner or later.

Yoongi was whimpering, his thighs quivering and he honestly couldn't tell how much he had been fucked by the machine. It felt like forever but it might just have been a couple minutes. He had no idea but he did know one thing; that the knot in his gut was slowly getting unbearable.

"S-sir?" he whimpered. "M-may I cum p-please," he whined pitifully and Seokjin smiled sweetly, petting his hair, lulling him into thinking that-

"No, you may not."

Yoongi's brain needed a moment to register the words before he whined loudly and tried kicking his legs in protest which ended in a clumsy stumble and Seokjin's amused chuckle.

“Please,” the younger whined, looking up at the older which was honestly killing his neck and back but he didn’t care at that moment.

“No, I don’t feel like letting you come just yet,” Seokjin said with a smirk and the sub felt like crying. “Please, please, please, please. N-need, need to come, please,” he begged in a shaky voice, begging for release with tearful eyes and the dom raised an eyebrow at him before bending down to his eye level.

“So bad, huh?” he asked mockingly. “Can’t even get fucked properly, you poor thing.”

Yoongi whimpered and tried to hide his face, embarrassment rushing through his body. The machine was still going strong and it was driving him insane.

“P-please,” he whimpered. some tears dripping from his eyes and Seokjin looked at him like he was the most pitiful thing he had ever seen, making the younger’s body shake.

“Do we need to milk you dry?” he asked like he was talking to a baby and Yoongi wanted to hide but he couldn’t, sniffling and nodding his head. “Y-y-yes si-ir,” he whimpered.

“Tell me, what do we have to do with poor little things that can’t get fucked properly,” the dom demanded and Yoongi bit his lip, wanting to crawl into a hole. “M-milk t-them nnngghn d-dry,” he whispered.

“Louder,” Seokjin said and the sub sobbed. “M-mil… m-milk them d-dry,” he repeated louder this time and he got a pat on the head as praise. “There you. See? Wasn’t that difficult,” the older cooed and the sub sniffled, trying to hide his flushed face.

“Now then, lets milk this poor subbie dry,” Seokjin announced and Yoongi had hoped for the older just allowing him to cum but apparently that wasn’t how he worked. He should have guessed as much.

Instead he felt something nudging against the underside of his dick and before he could even wonder what it was it had already started vibrating, making him jolt forward with a strangled cry.

“Well, let your milk run free, Suga,” Seokjin called sweetly and Yoongi honestly couldn’t have stopped himself from coming either way, crying out and fighting against his bonds, especially as the vibrating didn’t stop and only seemed to grow more intense after his orgasm.

He screamed and fought against his bonds but it was useless. “Stop, s-stop, stop, pl-lease!” he wailed, the dildo still pushing into him and it was too much. Too much!

“Nuhu, subbies have to be milked dry properly first. When there is no milk left we’ll get somewhere,” Seokjin said as nonchalantly as every, continuing to hold the hitachi wand against the sub’s length.

The younger tried everything to get away, barely able to breathe and everything flashed white in front of his eyes as he came a second time a little while later, feeling like his mind had left his body.

Seokjin didn’t stop though, no matter how much the sub begged him to, how much he struggled and cried.

As long as the safeword wasn’t said he had nothing to be concerned about.

And it wasn’t said, Yoongi didn’t use it because he didn’t actually want it to stop.

Not even after his fourth orgasm which was actually a dry one after the previous one has only had a pitifully meager amount of actual come. Only then Seokjin stopped, taking the wand away and turning off the machine, pulling the dildo out after a moment but Yoongi was too fucked out to register anything to be honest.

His whole body was shaking and his eyes was completely unfocused, drool dripping from his mouth onto the padding beneath him.

Seokjin went around to his head and slowly ran a hand through his sweat hair. It took a few moments but then he did get a reaction out of the student. Yoongi let his head loll more to the side and his gaze flickered up to Seokjin who smiled down at him.

“Such a good boy,” he murmured and Yoongi shuddered ever so slightly, having lost control over his body. “Such good boy you are,” Seokjin continued. “So good for me.”

He made sure to keep one hand on the sub’s body to let him know that he wasn’t leaving as he stepped around him, eyes falling onto his wet and puffy entrance. He opened his fly and took out his cock, slowly pushing into the younger who twitched and gurgled something.

Seokjin trusted back and forth slowly, enjoying the smooth slide and the tight walls around him before he came with a deep groan, rubbing

the sub's butt cheek in soothing circles for a while before he pulled out again, watching his come mix with some lub and ever so slowly trail down.

He looked up as he heard Namjoon moving and couldn't hide his grin as the other dom stepped up to his sub.

Yoongi needed a second before he noticed but then a series of weak whines left his lips like a dog seeing his owner again after a week of absence.

"Such a good boy," Namjoon said and Yoongi's whole body shook like he was going through another orgasm and his dom smiled, petting his subs hair and stroking his cheek affectionately.

He too pulled his fly down and Yoongi was struggling a little against his bonds, more than eager and he almost lunged for the elder cock as soon as it was in sight, licking along his length. He could barely move but he didn't care, liking like he would a popsicle and taking what he could reach into his mouth.

Naturally it didn't take long before Namjoon reached his height as well, Yoongi opening his mouth and poking out his tongue welcomingly but some still landed on his cheek and chin. It wasn't like he cared though, simply licking his lips after swallowing what he had gotten and made a little satisfied noise.

"Good boy," Namjoon praised again. "You did such a good job, I'm so proud of you, baby," he murmured, kissing his sub's forehead.

Together with Seokjin he worked on untying the sub, slowly lowering his hips down and removing all the rope. He was lying on the bench bonelessly, not moving an inch and his limbs felt like overcooked noodles.

His legs didn't work at all which is why the two dom's had to do all the work but none of them minded. Namjoon carried the student into the bathroom where he and Seokjin washed him, showering him with praise and sweet words. They both took turns cleaning themselves up before focusing back onto Yoongi, crying him off and dressing him in some clothes Namjoon had packed previously.

He stayed with Yoongi in Seokjin's bedroom while the older cleaned up and made sure everything wa sin it's rightful place again before he joined them.

Yoongi had curled up in his blanket that Namjoon hadn brought alone as well, cuddling into the elder's chest and looking half asleep.

Both Seokjin and Namjoon changed into their pajamas as well and joined Yoongi under the covers, the younger of the two murmuring a 'Thank you for your services, baby' into Yoongi's ear who made a drawn out sound in return.

He was lying in between the two older ones, unable to decide who's chest he wanted to curl up in, rolling back and forth between them with made them chuckle fondly.

In the end they all scooter closer together so Yoongi was sandwiched between them, the youngest sighing happily and finally settling down.

In the morning he found himself holding one of Seokjin's arms hostage in an octopus grip with Namjoon's arms wrapped around his waist tightly. He felt warm and fluff so he didn't want to move at all for the next hours but once Seokjin figured he was awake he slowly tried to untangle himself but Yoongi latched onto his arm and growled a little which made the other blink in surprise because he laughed, Namjoon chuckling into Yoongi's neck sleepily.

"I won't disappear, promise. I'll just go make breakfast, yeah?" the older said with a soft smile and run his hand through Yoongi's hair. It took a few minutes of convincing until the youngest finally let him go, rolling over and latching onto Namjoon instead.

"Did you enjoy yesterday?" the older asked with an amused chuckle and Yoongi nodded into his chest, rubbing his cheek against his boyfriend.

"Was… fucking good," he slurred, drawing out the last word and Namjoon's chest shook with some small laughs. "Okay, that's good. You were so good yesterday, I'm so proud of you, honey," he said and Yoongi smiled softly, humming and going back to cuddling the hell out of his lover who just twirled his hair between his fingers and petted his back.

They didn't pay attention to the time so they didn't know how much had passed before Seokjin poked his head into the room again, smiling at the couple. "Breakfast is ready," he called and Namjoon tried to sit up but with the koala on his chest it was little difficult so he tickled the younger's sides until his grip had loosened so he could lift him up

into a sitting position.

Yoongi pouted at him drowsily, his hair a mess but he still looked adorable. He yawned and rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand, getting up together with Namjoon who gave him his blanket that he quickly bundled up in.

He waddled out of the bedroom, the older following him and he couldn't hide his smile as he saw Yoongi back hugging Seokjin and wrapping him in his blanket.

"Is someone cuddly?" the oldest asked with a laugh and ruffled Yoongi's hair, the younger humming in agreement.

They sat down and ate breakfast, Yoongi salivating over the cook's pancakes and scrambled eggs.

"Why aren't you a cook?" he whined at Namjoon who pouted. "I'm a great cook."

Yoongi choked on his bite of pancake and Seokjin laughed loudly. "You are a lot Namjoon," he said between laughs. "But not a great cook."

The lawyer cried out in offended manner but Yoongi shook his head and waved his fork around. "Ramen does not count."

The older shut his mouth and continued pouting.

"But I still love you," the student sang and threw his arms around his boyfriend, nuzzling into his neck.

Seokjin just chuckled and shook his head at the two of them.

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," Namjoon said with a smile on their way back to their apartment, Yoongi humming in the passenger seat. "Yeah, but when we got home I want you to take me on the kitchen table."

The older barked out a laugh. "Okay, honey, I can do that."

Yoongi smiled happily and leaned over the middle console to kiss his cheek. "You're the best boyfriend ever," he said with a happy smile.

"I know, I'm a pretty awesome catch."

“I’m a better catch.”

“We’re both a catch.”

“I can live with that.”

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